Seclusion

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/6431014.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	F/M, M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham/Other(s), Hannibal Lecter/Original Character(s)
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Jealous Will, Jealous Hannibal, Murder Husbands, Kind Of, Gore, Dubious Consent, Possessive Behavior, Will is very pretty, and he knows, Dark Will, Dark Hannibal too, of course, Rough Sex, First Time
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2016-04-02 Words: 5,271 Chapters: 1/1

Seclusion

by B_Rain

Summary

It all started with the lack of touch.
It first happened when Will healed. There was no more excuses for touching, then. The stitches came out, Will's shoulder was moving fine and his face was still pretty. A tiny line that could be easily covered by his beard.

Or...

When Hannibal refuses to touch Will, Will starts to attract strange womans (and mans) to their house to have sex with them.
The cannibal is not pleased.

Notes

Now I have the pleasure to say tht this work was reviewd and corrected by WhiteCrow1811.
Thank you <3

See the end of the work for more notes

It all started with the lack of touch.

It first happened when Will healed. There were no more excuses for touching, then. The stitches were removed, Will's shoulder was working fine and his face was still pretty. Nothing but a tiny scratch that could be easily covered by his beard.

Initially, Will thought it was normal. They never did a lot of touching when they were friends, plus Hannibal was in jail for the last three years without any human contact, so a period of adaptation would be reasonable. It was okay to see Hannibal stepping to the side so Will could pass through on his way to the bathroom. It was fine when he would rather let a cup topple over the table so he wouldn't risk touching Will's fingers when the man picked it up. Once he even stiffened when Will put a hand on the small of his back as a support to reach a plate on a high shelf. Will was careful not to repeat it.

They talked, they decided things together. They would watch the news and think about when to move out. When not to move out. To stay there for a couple of months until they could just go wherever they like. They made plans. Will once suggested a facial surgery, to which Hannibal lifted his gaze and looked at him for a second too long.

"I'd rather we don't." he said. And both of them stayed, having small changes here and there. Will grew a beard, Hannibal's hair was a little longer, Will dressed with more taste. No dogs. Not yet, Hannibal said. Will accepted.

Will missed his dogs. He missed Winston, the lolling tongues, the soft caresses and the company. The easiness of it. He missed the interaction. And he missed the touch.

He was always touch starved, and the last three years he drank of it with Molly's. They kissed a lot, they had sex every night, and she always had her hands over him, fixing his shirt, touching his cheeks, holding his hands. It was soft, and it was nice. He never had anything like it. The only thing that spoiled it was the craving for another sort of touch, an urge, that he gave into it in the end.

But now with Hannibal, Will thought it would be different. Bedelia had said so... she may have been wrong after all. He didn't wanted Hannibal in a sexual way, not exactly. Will had never slept with a man before and he was not sure how he would feel about it. But with Hannibal he always felt that there was something more, something else...

He was willing to give Hannibal time, though. He couldn't admit to himself that his bigger fear was that the man had regrets, that he no longer had interest in Will.

"There was a man asking questions," Hannibal said one day while Will was at his work table (it was a gift from Hannibal, a place where he could work on his fishing lures).

The older man placed two pictures before Will, revealing a very beautiful male.

Oh." Will said. The similarity between the man and Will himself was quite striking. Dark hair and blue eyes, even their jaw was alike. "Don't tell me he's from Louisiana."

"He is from Paris."

Will moved the pictures to the side and went back to fixing the lures that he wasn't sure when or if he would use.

"Perhaps it would do well to have him for dinner." Hannibal was taking off his coat, walking to the kitchen while rolling the sleeves of his shirt to free his arms.

"He is not important?"

"Lives alone. No family. His apartment is hidden from the city, and it belongs to him. It will take a while until someone notices his disappearance."

"You've been researching."

Hannibal paused for a second.

"Yes."

Will didn't have to answer. Although he hadn't been taking part in any of Hannibal's kills recently he was slowly losing interest in the hunt. What happened between them and the dragon still visited Will in his dreams, and he would always wake feeling powerful, gasping, with a hard-on. But if felt like a one time thing. Other opportunites had not presented itself to him, and it wasn't like Hannibal invited Will to a killing spree. It was as if Will was only observing. At least for now. He wasn't ready for more. And from the way Hannibal was dealing with everything, he probably wasn't either.

He knew Hannibal killed without him. He had mentioned a man in the market that was very rude, and after a brief tale Will mentioned that Hannibal should kill him. Hannibal had looked up from the other side of the kitchen counter, their eyes had met. A different glint was there, and when Hannibal's eyes moved to his lips, Will had thought for that one second they would kiss. Sadly, instead of that Hannibal emptied the cut vegetables into a small bowl in the sink. The moment was gone.

The other day, they had liver for dinner.

Hannibal was working as a teacher in a museum, like he did in Italy. He would spend the afternoon out and come back for dinner in the evening. Hannibal made a habit of jogging in the morning, then he would wake Will so they could walk to the market. Sometimes, he didn't, sometimes, Will would go alone.

One afternoon, Will had left the house to buy wine. Hannibal was very specific about the brand; it was the night that the man who looked like Will (David, was his name) would come for dinner. Will planned the timing so he would arrive before Hannibal. But he got a little late, and as a result Hannibal's car was parked in front of the house just when he came back.

To Will's surprise, Hannibal wasn't alone.

He didn't knew David was coming w*ith* Hannibal.

Hannibal walked the man to the front door, and while Hannibal was taking his key from his coat, Will saw David touch his arm. Will expected the dodge, the subtle withdrawal like Hannibal always did with him. But that didn't happen. Hannibal did move the arm away, but he also moved down a step so he could stand parallel to the other man. From where Will was approaching, he could see David's back, his grey coat and his dark curls that reflected the moonlight when he leaned to kiss Hannibal. On the mouth.

Will exhaled in shock. A feeling he didn't recognize was creeping into his heart when he saw Hannibal kissing back, his left hand disappearing under the man's coat to grab his waist. Understanding came very quickly, and until now, what Will thought was time to adapt to human contact turned out to be nothing like that. Hannibal had no problem with touch, it seemed. He had problem with touching Will.

When Hannibal spotted him, in a delicate way he untangled himself from the man's grasp, who seemed quite stunned with the kiss. Will let Hannibal go through the introductions. While Hannibal helped David take his coat off, Will removed his scarf and went to the kitchen, waiting for Hannibal to finish the meal's last preparations.

The dinner went on smoothly. David was pleasant company and very smart, the way he looked at Hannibal made very clear what his intentions were for the night. And the worse part was that Will didn't even know if it was wrong with the way Hannibal flirted back. He felt numb.

Before Hannibal served the third course, he excused himself, ignoring Hannibal's annoyed stare.

Will spent the rest of the night in the library, pouring glass after glass of whiskey for himself. He needed to understand what he was feeling, knowing that there was no reason to feel betrayal like this. Hannibal was not his murder husband, as Freddie wrote. But what happened felt wrong, and it was oddly painful.

He was on his fourth glass in front of the fireplace when Hannibal joined him with a soft knock on the door. Will saw a small bloodstain on his collar when the man poured himself a drink.

"That was quite rude, Will."

Will didn't answer, preferring to sip from his glass instead.

"You are upset."

"No shit." Will answered, feeling his temperature rise. He finished his glass and reached for another only to find Hannibal standing in front of the shelf. Will didn't want to get too close

right now. Hannibal would probably dodge him anyway.

"Was it because of the kiss?"

Will felt his face burn with the question. He felt childish, hearing Hannibal saying that with such calm while he was practically throwing a tantrum.

"You can kiss whoever you want to."

"But you are still surprised that I did."

"I... " Will started, eyes fixed on the tiny bloodstain on the white shirt. "Let's not pretend everything is fine between us. I...we... interact, but..."

Will didn't want to sound needy(God he shouldn't have drank so much).

"You miss physical contact."

Will hated to hear that.

"It isn't your duty to give me that. I know this isn't how you want me." He said and stood up, taking his glass with him. "You made it very clear."

"Will, we should talk about what is bothering you." Hannibal said as Will walked towards the door.

"I don't want to."

* * *

Nothing changed after that day. Hannibal still rised early to jog, he still woke up Will, and they still walked together to the market. But they didn't touch the subject again. Every time he thought about what happened, Will would feel shame and a small discomfort. The way that Hannibal had kissed another man. Will could remember how his pink tongue licked and made its way inside David's mouth. In that position the man really looked like him. Which made Will wonder what would be like if it he had been in David's place.

Two nights later, when Will was overthinking too much about his new life, he started to over drink it too. They had kidney for dinner. After Hannibal was finished with the dishes he'd usually go straight to bed, read a book and sleep. But not this time. This time Hannibal came to watch over Will. The elder man found Will in an armchair, and sat himself in another in front of him.

Hannibal didn't need to say anything. Will's whiskey would talk for him.

"Did you fuck him?"

"Do you think I did?"

"Maybe. Yes."

"Why?"

"You knew where he lived, and with who. "

"I could have researched."

"No. The way you touched him. " Will could remember details. Will had gave it a lot of thought.

"I killed him."

Will knew that. He ate him.

The younger man stood up again to refill his glass.

"It doesn't matter."

"Will..." Hannibal was behind him, closer then he had ever been in the last few weeks. "What do you want?"

Will turned to look at him, and his eyes were so blue, so clear.

"What do *yo*u want?" Will took a step forward. And as if to prove the reason for all that, Hannibal stepped back. Suddenly, Will was very angry. "You can't even stand my touch. Is there something wrong with me?! Do I stink?!"

"Will..." Hannibal tried to remedy, his voice carried something that Will couldn't recognize. The thought that it could be pity sounded quite possible.

Self loathing filled Will's for complete .

"Don't..." Will breathed out. He left his glass on the table and went out. Hannibal didn't call him back, and Will had to stop himself from slamming the front door.

* * *

Will was not planning it.

Not at first.

He went to the first pub and got inside, where he continued his drinking. To increase his self

loathing, he realized that even his knowledge in other languages besides English was bad. He didn't socialize. When he thought about finding a job Hannibal said it would be too risky because his scar made him easily recognized. Always, whenever he left the house he was with Hannibal and the older man did the talking. It had been four months and he didn't have any friends. All he fucking had was Hannibal, that was fucking someone else. How many? How long? And the worse was that Will was not his fucking wife. He shouldn't be feeling like this.

"Qu'est-ce que nous avons ici."

A woman took a seat besides him, blond, red lips, beautiful.

"Sorry, I don't speak French." Will said, not feeling in the mood.

"An American then?" The woman guessed with a smile, not easily intimidated, ordered a drink for herself.

Will didn't know what happened afterwards but a few minutes later he was in the back alley with her skirt up to her waist.

She was hugging him tight, her cheap perfume flooding his nose and her breasts pressing tight to his chest while he fucked into her. Her moans were loud, and Will was not giving a shit as she crossed her legs around his waist. She was speaking in French, kissing him, his neck, his mouth.

Will was a little drunk to concentrate but when she grabbed his shoulder and screamed, he felt her inner muscles contracting around him, making him cum with a low groan. His nose was pressed against her blond hair, and for one single second he thought she was Molly.

"Fuck."

"Yes, mon cheri, fuck." she agreed, gasping.

Will walked back home. His shirt was missing a few buttons and he was stinking of perfume, tabacco, cheap whiskey and sex. He wondered what Freddie would write if she saw him right now. He struggled for a good minute with the lock but eventually got inside.

He was on the stairs when he found Hannibal. He was trying to be quiet, but maybe the sound that he made when his toe hit the entrance wall was not as quiet as he thought. Hannibal was standing in silence on the top, maroon eyes glowing in the dark.

"You should move away, I'm really...stinking this time..." He said, his feet moving over the steps in a very unstable manner. "I mean...more..." He laughed from his own joke, but he was his own crowd. Hannibal was dead silent, giving no signs of life.

Will shuddered, but he had to continue. His room was up stairs, from what could recall from his alcohol-hazed mind.

When he finally got in front of Hannibal, he heard a small inhale, and before he could say anything Hannibal moved from his paralysis.

"Will..."

"No...you don't get to smell me." Will was angry again. Hannibal had this ugly habit of invading his privacy. Will started to walk again, away from him and to the bathroom.

"If you did this to upset me..."

"Well aren't you full of yourself?" Will snapped back, starting to get rid of his own clothes, dumping them on the floor. He should shower. He was very dirty. "You can't isolate me forever, Dr Lecter."

Even if Will was looking at Hannibal, he would be too drunk to recognize the dangerous glint that appeared in the man's eyes. After Will shut the bathroom door, Hannibal lowered and took Will's clothes from the ground, pressing them against his own nose, while closing his eyes.

They were darker when he opened them again.

* * *

The following morning they had offal for breakfast. Will was too sick to wonder if they had a new victim. So sick that even after Hannibal gave him aspirin and tea, his head felt like it was being inhabited by two ogres sumo wrestling. They didn't touch the subject of Will's sex life. Will constantly felt the urge to apologize for his behavior, but he controlled himself. He was an adult, he could do what ever he wanted. Hannibal would not play a tantrum like he did.

It took two nights before it happened again.

Will realized that it was just too easy, he just had to stand in some balcony and before ten minutes was up someone would come to him. He never stopped to analyze his own look even though he was vaguely aware of his beauty. He never had to use it, but now it gave him what he needed.

And this time he took her home.

He had told Hannibal to not wait for him, and under Hannibal's reproachful gaze he had left the house. He was hoping very much that the man was sleeping right now because Lucy was taking their clothes off in the hallway. Will was hot all over, and she was beautiful with dark skin and dark eyes, making him want to taste every part of her. She laughed when Will pulles her to the stairs. They managed to stumble up between kisses.

Will was already inside her when they reached the bed. She moaned loud, Will covered her mouth to shut her up. She didn't mind, tightening her legs around his waist and moving her hips, encouraging Will.

"Fuck me" She begged in perfect English. A tourist from Texas, what a luck.

And fuck her he did.

Twice, then once more, and she took it all with abandon. At one point he couldn't remind himself to cover her mouth, and only afterwards he realized Hannibal probably listened to everything. Rude. When Will woke in the morning she was no longer in bed with him. Her clothes were gone.

Perfect.

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Will's relationship with Hannibal was getting increasingly strange. They talked less. They would eat together, they would still go to the market together, but the distance between them seemed like the Grand Canyon. Will could feel it like an abyss, and it only served to increase the tension every time they were in the same room. But Will mostly ignored the feeling, unsure if he was the only one going through it.

He knew Hannibal was displeased by Will's actions. Probably for the exposition of it, but Will couldn't stop. It was like an itch he couldn't help scratching. So he started to be careful, taking tourists, careless, young. He realized that because of his beauty he could choose and be picky. So he did.

It was with the fourth companion that he found out. When he woke at night and found the bed empty, there came the first suspicion. He didn't mind putting something over the underwear he was wearing when he went down to kitchen. The lights were on, but Madeleine was nowhere to be seen. Will opened the pantry door where he knew it was Hannibal's work place, a little different from his.

There he was. Hannibal. Dressed in his pajamas with a plastic apron protecting his chest. And Madeleine's body with its innards visible in the gaping hole on her stomach, lying on the table.

Hannibal stopped the bone saw only for a second before he continued, opening the woman down to her hipbone.

"How many?" Will asked. His skin was covered with goosebumps by the low temperature of Hannibal's basement.

"All of them."

"Why?"

"They were too loud."

Will approached the table, keeping his distance from Hannibal that was quiet now. Madeleine's body, so full of life a few hours before was now pale and cold. He could see his

own cum dried from between her thighs, and he wondered if it would still be hot if he touched, like it was moments before.

"This could compromise me."

"It will not."

Indeed would not. Will always chose the lonely ones, those that came alone, came once and wasn't intending to come back. Almost as if he knew the risk. As if he knew that the one he touched would be condemned.

"It is quite cold here. You should go back to your room." Hannibal said, his voice a little too rough.

Will did as he was told.

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The knowledge of what was happening should have made him stop, but it didn't.

It only made it worse because now, while fucking their beautiful bodies Will couldn't help imagining how Hannibal would see them afterwards. He started to mark them. He would bite and suck, leaving beautiful purple circles that he knew would become very dark once they died in a few hours. It made him work harder, to please them more as if he could compensate for what was coming.

Now he and Hannibal almost had no conversation at all. It was becoming unbearable.

Will knew it was disgust Hannibal was probably feeling as he saw how needy Will was. But Will would've done something much worse had he not taken those willing bodies to his bed. He would have left Hannibal, and he hated himself for that much more than for the fact that almost every night he was choosing someone to die for his own pleasure. He wondered how long he could keep it up. He changed pubs, looking for further ones.

For partner number nine, he found a man.

It was his first time, and as with all the others, not planned at all.

But he was so beautiful. Green eyes, pale skin, asking so sweetly to be fucked. When Will took him home, he fucked him dry. The boy (it was a boy, no more then 23 he guessed) would whimper and arch his back, saying it was okay, he could take it, and Will loved every second of it. He was hard where a woman was soft, but his lips were just as wet and pliable, and he knew where to touch, how to touch.

When Will came, he saw stars.

The next morning, Hannibal didn't talk to him at all.

Will tried to exchange some words, but it was like Hannibal wasn't listening to him. It was worse then Will's tantrum, and he thought he had crossed the line, thought Hannibal would not want him anymore. Maybe it would be for the best anyway.

"Hannibal, we can't keep...whatever this is...going on." Will said then, when the man was getting ready to leave for work. Hannibal stopped, putting the dishes inside the sink.

"Why, did you got tired of whoring yourself?"

Will blinked.

"What did you just say?"

"Is it not what you are doing? Using your body to get us food?"

Will couldn't believe what he was hearing. And the way Hannibal was looking at him with his impassive gaze, as if he was just telling the time made Will's anger burn like wildfire.

"Fuck you." Will grunted. "It's my fucking body...don't you fucking dare..."

"To what? To say that your eloquence is as good as your actions?"

Will only saw he had taken a knife when his hand was caught by Hannibal. The blade tip touching Hannibal's neck, and their body was very close. .

"Fuck you." Will repeated, groaning, trying to remove his hands from the strong grip.

Instead of letting go Hannibal twisted Will's wrists. Quicker than the younger could react his face was pressed against the fridge. Will moaned in pain, shivering when he felt Hannibal's nose running trough his hair, the older man's hot breath on his ear giving him chills.

"You stink of them."

"Fuck...you." Will whispered feeling his heart shatter as Hannibal's absence become present once again, only the loud bang of the front door announcing Hannibal's departure.

That night, Will was sure Hannibal would leave him.

He should've done it first, but he couldn't. He couldn't find it in himself to leave the man whom he gave up on everything he had. His reputation, his wife, his dogs, his life. So it was better to watch from a good view, and better yet, to provoke the beast.

The man who found Will this time was tall. He had Hannibal's height and a European accent.

Will decided he would kill the man himself, just for the pleasure of pretending it was he who he wanted to cut instead.

Bart was fast to strip Will of his clothes, managing to push him out of his pants right before they passed through the hall. The man was strong, and he lifted Will from his feet, carrying him through the wrong door to the kitchen. Will moaned into his mouth, trying to warn him but changed his mind.

"Let me fuck you." Bart groaned, mouth moving in a delicious way to Will's naked throat.

"Yes...yes...here," Will gasped, feeling the kitchen balcony under his hands where Bart had sat him. If Hannibal thought Will was a whore, he was going to show him how right he could be. The kitchen was Hannibal's sanctuary, and Will was about to desecrate it. The thought made him groan in excitement. Bart took it as an encouragement from where he was leaning between Will's legs, sucking him off.

Will grabbed his hair, pulling him up.

"I thought you said something about fucking me?"

The man smiled, holding Will's head and kissing his mouth. WIll could taste himself on his lips.

"You are so fucking beautiful." the man exclaimed, using his hands to spread Will's legs wider.

Will bit his own lips, moving his hips invitingly. He couldn't wait, he didn't want to wait.

Bart started to kiss his neck. Will's moan echoed in the kitchen when two fingers breached his defenses. It hurt, but it hurt so good that Will could only ask for more. He dropped his head back and panted. He was getting so hard he could break a wall.

"Fuck, baby, you're so tight."

"Yes." Will gasped, clenching around him when he took out his fingers and replaced it with a blunt head. Will closed his eyes, wanting the intrusion so badly, so very badly...

A hot jet hit Will's face, and he opened his eyes, seeing red.

Bart's face was paralyzed in terror. A blade protruded out of his throat.

Will was panting, hard and fast, eyes wide and lungs contracting inside of his chest, making it impossible to breathe. The man's body fell in front of him. Hannibal stood in his place, eyes black like doom itself.

Hannibal raised a hand to Will's face, his thumb pressed Will's lips, changing it's shape and smearing blood over his cheek in an almost soft caress. Will suddenly couldn't speak, couldn't breath. His blue eyes were stuck with the crimson ones, like his life was being held on a line

right in this moment.

Hannibal's hand moved to his cheek, under his eyes, and then his hair.

The grip was too strong, making Will cry out when Hannibal pulled him from the counter. For the second time that day Will found himself with his face pressed against the fridge, his erection leaking against cold surface. Hannibal's nose was again sinking in his hair, and with his free hand, the man explored Will's body, his shoulder, his back, his ass. Two fingers probed Will's barely stretched hole. Hannibal's made a guttural growl.

"He wasn't...he..." Will started, overwhelmed. Bart was not rude, he wasn't loud...why...?

"You cannot touch what does not belong to you." Hannibal growled into Will's ear as if reading his mind. Will could do nothing but moan when a finger again breached his opening, this time it was Hannibal's.

"Hannibal." Will whimpered, Hannibal backed away only to turn him over before pinning him down again.

They went for each other's mouth at the same time. Will's moan was lost when Hannibal kissed the breath out of him. The man sucked his tongue, invading Will's mouth with his own as if he needed to taste everything, to take everything that Will had to offer. Strong hands held him behind the knees and Will was lifted up, his legs wrapping around Hannibal's waist so the man could carry him to the sink. He was kneading Will's ass on his hands while devouring his mouth. Will felt like he could explode anytime with pleasure. His erection was trapped against Hannibal's who couldn't even back off to unzip his pants.

When he felt his ass against the cold marble Will helped Hannibal rip his clothes off, getting it out of the way so he could drag his nails along the man's chest and back to make him growl in pain. His breaths came out in hot puffs against Hannibal's nose. They didn't care enough to separate and breathe properly. One of their lips' was bleeding, but it didn't matter who's. Hannibal took only two seconds to make his pants fall to the floor. And then Will's legs was suspended in the air when the man entered him abruptly.

Will dropped his head back and screamed.

But Hannibal's mouth didn't move away, aiming for his neck and biting while he thrusted again, making Will's body shake with the rough shove.

"Wait...wait..." WIll whined, but Hannibal didn't listen to his pleas. He kept pushing his hips with a punishing strength, and then Will's hands where on his ass, pulling Hannibal towards himself, blunt nails scratching the soft skin, slippery with sweat.

"Please-please!" Will was sure he would die, just like Bart next to them. He didn't understand how he could survive the pleasure building so strong and so fast inside of him that would burst his entrails.

Hannibal would finally have him whole. He wanted that. Right now he wanted Hannibal in

every single pore of his body, the man whose mouth was covering his jaw, licking and kissing from his skin small drops of perspiration while whispering what could only be spells in another language. "Please!" Will begged in a strangled sob. He couldn't take it anymore.

"Will-!" In a sharp thrust, Will's world exploded. His eyes went to the back of his head, his fingers cut deep grooves into Hannibal's back and his body burned and shook. Hannibal's arms were around him as his slack mouth was kissed. The man fucked him through the most powerful orgasm in his life.

When Will came to, Hannibal was panting in his ear. The man's release lay wet on Will's leg and the prestigious sink.

"Will." Hannibal whispered, voice rough. His name fell from those lips like a prayer.

Carefully, Hannibal pulled Will to the floor. Will laid on his lover's chest while he tried to control his breathing. The younger man could hear Hannibal's heart beating madly against his ribcage.

"It is enough...all that, Will."

"You...thought you...could isolate me." Will said in the middle of recovering his breath.

"I wanted your codependency completely...so I wanted to be sure you would be mine completely as well."

"But you didn't...wait."

"If I knew what it would cause, I would have been stronger." Hannibal said, his finger absently playing with Will's curls. "He had your face."

"I didn't do what I did for revenge." Will had to say.

"No, you thought my touch would never be meant for you, after you found I was giving it to someone else...unfortunately I had starved you too much."

Will hid his bloody face against the man chest , enjoying his smell. He wanted to punch him for treating him like a experiment, even though he knew Hannibal would never let his insecurities take over. It was Hannibal's way to be sure that Will would be his completely. But he had lost control of Will too fast. Will was unpredictable.

"My remarkable boy. I will never let you touch anyone else." Hannibal whispered lovingly, almost crooning. Will closed his eyes, entertwining their legs together.

From the other side of the kitchen counter, Bart was starting to rot.

End

End Notes

Oh look at that. I finally got it out of my mind.
If you have kind words, please tell me, kudos and comments are everything!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!